

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, least on Brothers: I can tell you both,
 Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
 And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
 And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
 To question of his apprehension.
 Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Exeunt.

Manst Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vse Women honourably:
 Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
 That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
 To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:
 And yet, betwene my Soules desire, and me,
 The lustfull *Edwards* Title buried,
 Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
 And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
 To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose.
 Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
 Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,
 And spies a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
 And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
 Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
 So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,
 And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
 And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities:
 My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weener too much,
 Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
 Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
 What other Pleasure can the World afford?
 Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
 And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
 And 'twixt sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
 Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
 Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.
 Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:
 And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
 Shee did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
 To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
 To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
 Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
 To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,
 To dis-proportion me in euery part:
 Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the Damme.
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?
 Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
 Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o're-bear such,
 As are of better Person then my selfe:
 Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
 And whiles I liue, account this World but Hell,
 Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
 And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
 For many Liues stand betwene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thorne Wood,
 That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
 But toying desperately to finde it out,
 Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
 And from that torment I will free my selfe,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
 Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
 And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
 And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
 And frame my Face to all occasions.
 Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
 Ile slay more ganders then the Basiliske,
 Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceiue more flyly then *Phisces* could,
 And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
 I can adde Colours to the Cameliion,
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
 And fet the murderious *Machenill* to Schoole.
 Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
 Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flourish.

*Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his
 Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
 Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
 Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.*

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
 Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.

Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
 Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,
 Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
 Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
 But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
 And with dishonor layd me on the ground,
 Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,
 And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

Lewis. Why, faire Queene, whence springs this
 deepe despaire?
Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
 And sit thee by our side. *Sits her by him.*
 Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoske,
 But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
 Ouer all mischance.
 Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy grieve,
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Those gracious words
 Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
 And giue my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.
 Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
 That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Loue,
 Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
 And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
 While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
 Vsurses the Regall Title, and the Seat
 Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
 This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,
 With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
 Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:
 And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
 Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
 Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
 And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
 With patience calme the Storme,
 While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our
 Force.
Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-
 sence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest
 Friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee
 to France? *Hee descends. Shee riseth.*

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
 For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.

Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
 My Lord and Soeraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
 I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfaigned Loue)
 First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
 And then to craue a League of Amicitie:

And lastly, to confirme that Amicitie
 With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
 That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,
 To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
 In our Kings behalfe,

I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
 Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
 To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
 Where Fame, late entering at his heedfull Eares,
 Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
 Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand
 Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Loue,
 But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:

For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
 Vnlesse abroad they purchase great alliance?
 To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
 That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,

Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
 Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
 Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:

For though Vsurers sway the rule a while,
 Yet Heaues are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.
Warw. Inuiolous *Margaret*.

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warw. Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,
 And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.

Oxf. Then *Warwicke* disanulls great *John* of Gaunt,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;

And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
 Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:

And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,
 Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:

From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.
Warw. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost
 All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten:

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